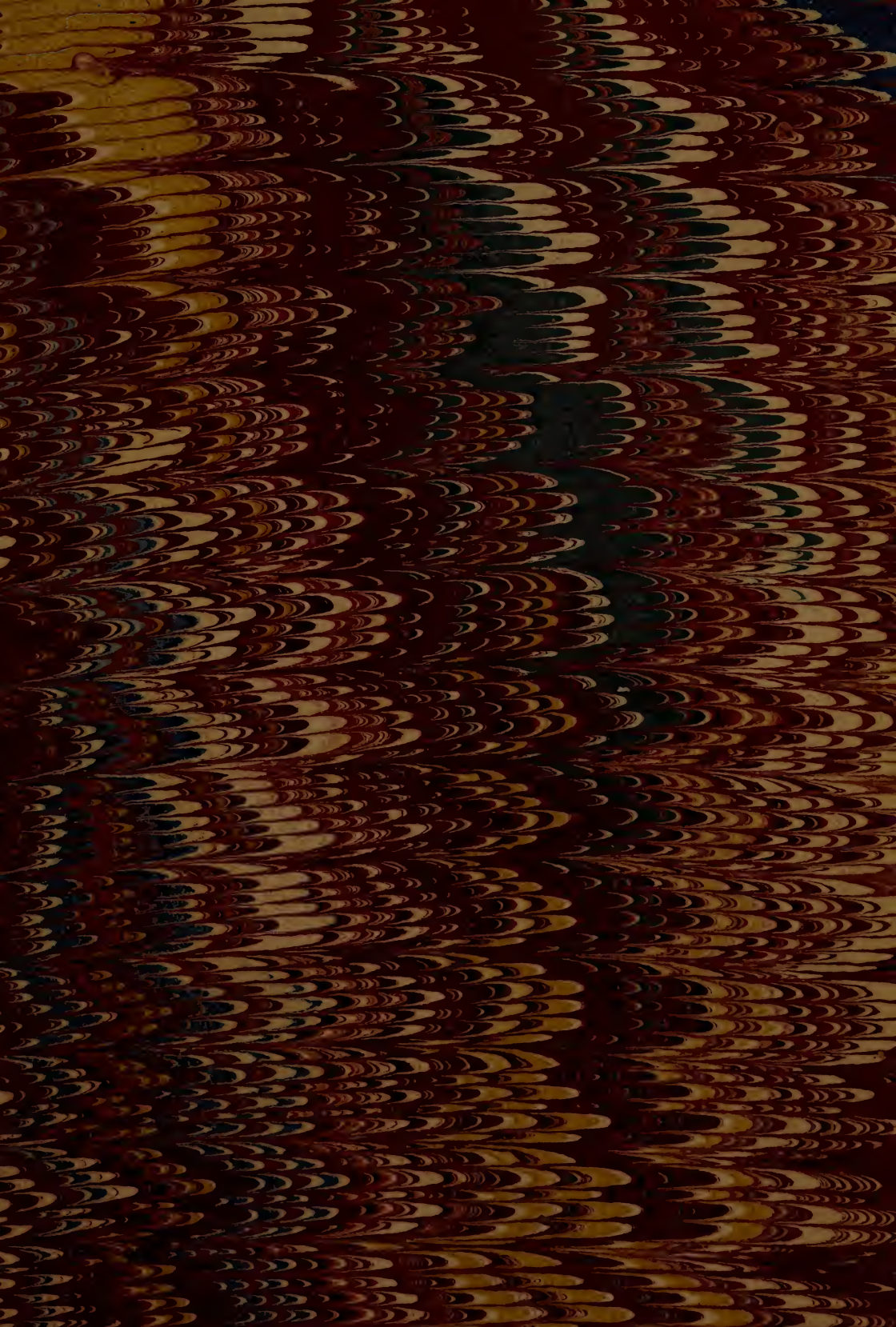


G.
3810.31



William Holgate.



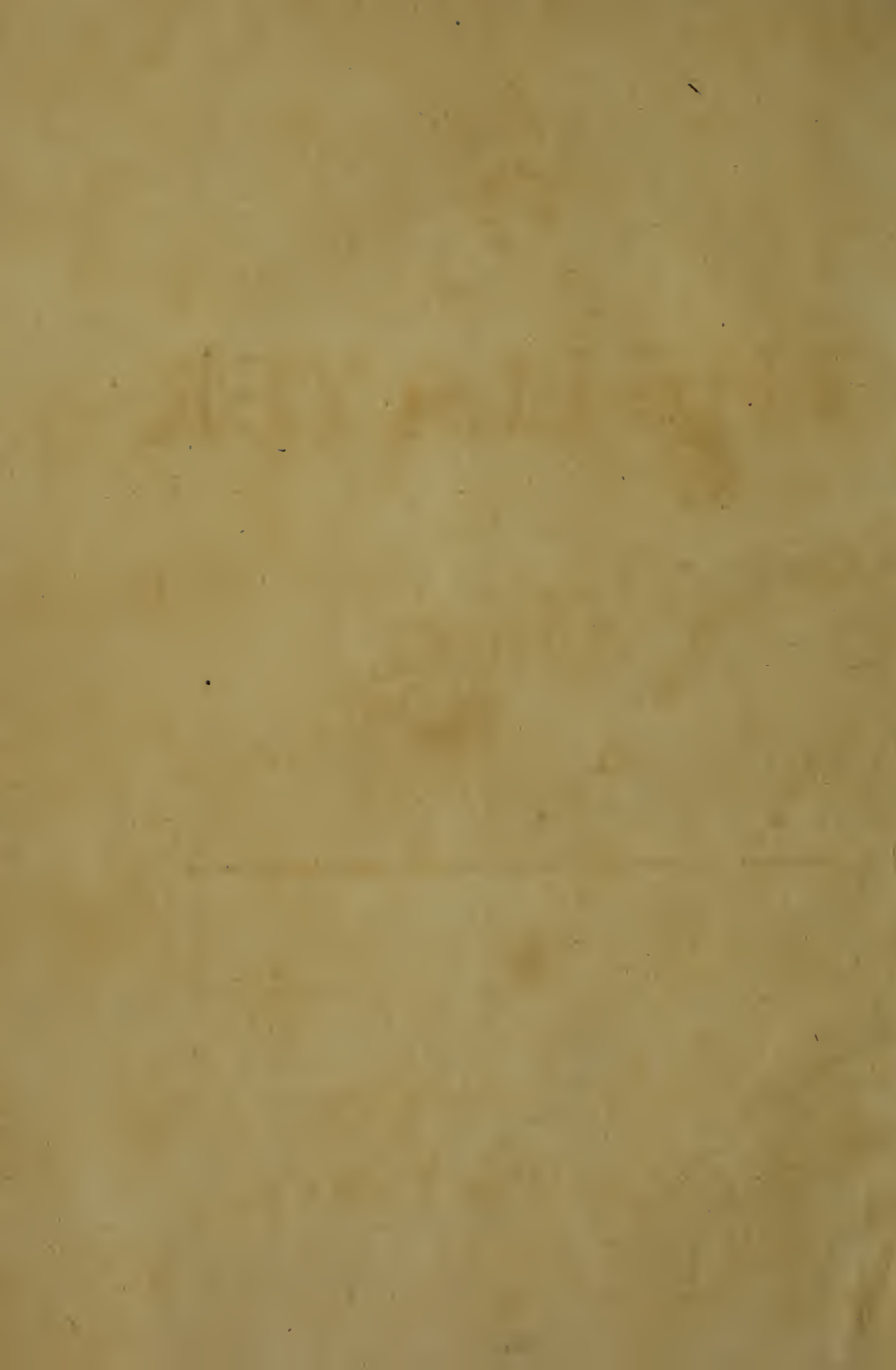
1204

1204 HISTRIO-MASTIX, or The Player Whipt, 4to. *half m*
rocco extra, by Riviere, printed for Th. Thorp. 161

This curious play was written towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, though not printed till 1610. It contains a ridicule or burlesque on the passage of Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida, where Troilus, at parting, presents his sleeve to Cressida, and she gives him her glove. Sold at Sotheby's sale in 1823 for £4 16s.

Boston Sale, October, 1860, \$5.





HISTRIOMASTIX.

Or,

THE PLAYER

whipt.

Composed

Printed for TH: THORP.

1610.

157.649

May 1873

Sold at Sotheby's
for £4ⁿ 16ⁿ 0



HISTRIO-MASTIX.

Actus primi Scæna prima.

Enter Peace, Grammer, Logick, Rhetorick, Arithmetick, Geometrie, Musick, and Astronomie.

Peace. V^Nmaske thy face thou minister of Time
Looke forth bright mirror, let thy golded hand,
Ride (with distinctlesse motion) on the eyes
Of this fayre *Chorus*, till the Raigne of *Peace*,
Hath propagated *Plenty*, and increase.
Now sit wee high (tryumphant in our sway,)
Encircled with the seauen-fold flower of Art,
To tread on Barbarisme with siluer feete;
These, these are adiuncts fit to waite on *Peace*,
Who beeing courted by most searching spirits,
Haue alwayes borne themselues in God-like state,
With lofty foreheads, higher then the starres.
Draw neere fayre Daughters of eternity,
Your Fosteresse *Peace*, is (like the aged Nürsse)
Growne proud to see her Children flourish thus.

Gram. We know not how to turne these bounties backe,
But with continuance of obsequious loue,
Whil'st *Peace* tryumphes, it lyes in *Grammers* might,
To make the rudest braine both speake and write.

Log. Logick shall furnish them with Argument,
And make them apt and able to dispute;
The theame shall be of *Peace*, and her sweet name,
And euery *Sillogism* shall proue her fame.

Histrion-mastix.

Rhe. Rhetorick will put her richest habite on,
Of gestures, Voice, and exornation,
Her *Tropes* and *Scheames*, shall dignifie her sence.
And Honours *Peace*, with clearest eloquence.

Ar. Her graces in my numbers shall be seene,
So full that nothing can be added more,
Nor ought subtracted: true *Arithmetick*
Will multiply and make them infinit.

Musick. Musick shall feast the bounteous eares of *Peace*,
Whil'st she inspires her numme conceipt with life,
Varying each concord, moode and faculty,
In flowing straynes, and rapting *Symphonie*,

Astr. The motions of the Planets and their Spheares,
The Starres, their influence, quantities, consents,
All that *Astronomie* can teach or know,
She doth professe from sacred *Peace* to flow.

Geo. And I will make her powers demonstratiue,
In all my angles, circles, cubes, or squares,
The very state of *Peace* shall seeme to shine,
In euery figure or diuensiue lyne.

Peace Inough fayre Virgins Time shall prooue this true,
Whil'st you do honor *Peace* shee'le cheerish you.

Enter Mauortius, Philarchus, Larius, Hiletus, Chrisoganus.

Omnes. Honor and safety, still attend fayre *Peace*
Peace. Thanks noble Lords and worthy Gentlemen:
But wherefore looke you so askaunce on these,
As if they were not worthy your salutes?

Omnes. Because wee knew them not.

Chri. The more your blame.

Peace. Opittied state! most weake, where nobles want
The loue and knowledge of the liberall Arts;
Are you the men (for birth and place) admir'd?
By whose great motions, lesser wheelcs turne round?
And shall your mindes affect so dull a course?

Histrion-mastix.

As if your sence where most irrationall?

What is a man superiour to a beast

But for his mind? nor that ennobles him,

While hee deiects his reason; making it

The slaue vnto his brutish appetite.

Make then your mindes illustrious in your deedes

And each choose (in this troupe) a spowfall mate,

Mauo. Wee doe obay: And I choose Musick first.

Phil. I *Geometry.*

Hile. I *Rhetorick.*

Lar. And I *Astronomie.*

Chri. And I to be a seruant vnto all,

Peace. But now beware yee inſure not the fame
Of these bright Virgins with adulterate loue,
Meane time their seruant (heere) *Chrifoganus*
Shall teach of euery Art the misterie.

Exeunt Peace and Arts.

Mauo. But if (by Art) as all our Artists say,

There is no reall truth to be attain'd,

Why should wee labour in their loues bestow?

The wisest said: *I know I nothing know,*

Chri. The wisest was a foole for saying soe:

That Oracle pronounc'd wise *Socrates;*

For doe I know I see you, or the light?

Or do you know you heere mee, or I touch you?

Phil. All this wee needes must know assuredly.

Chri. If this bee certaine then which comes from sence,

The knowledg proper to the soule is truer;

For that pure knowledg by the which wee know

A thing to bee, with true cause how it is,

Is more exact then that which knowes it is,

And reacheth not to knowledge of the cause.

Besides; that knowledge (that considers things

Abiunct from senciue matter) is exacter

Then that which ioynes it selfe with elements;

Arithmetick euer considers numbers—

Abstract

Histrion-mastix.

Abstract from senciue matter: *Musick* still
Considers it with sence, as mixt with sound:
Therefore *Arithmetique* is more exact,
And more exact then is *Geometrie*:
Since *vnitas* is still *simplicior puncto*,
And number simpler then is magnitude.
For *Vnitas* may still be *sine puncto*,
But *Punctus* neuer without *Vnitie*,
Nor; *Magnitudo sine Numero*:

Dum (enim) punctus ponitur, ponitur (ex necessitate) vnitas.

Mau. But all this prooues not wee may know a truth.

Cbri. If wee haue this wee call *Scientia*,
We must haue truth of meere necessity,
For *Acriueia* doth not signifie,
Onely a certainty in that wee know,
But certainty with all perfection.

Phil. Although I am not satisfied in this,
It doth me good to heare him thus discourse.

Mauor. My Lords, let's betake vs to our studies.

Phil. In nothing am I better pleas'd, let's goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Inle, Belch, Gutt, Post-hast.

The Players Song.

*The nut-browne ale, the nut-browne ale,
Puts downe all drinke when it is stale,
The toast, the Nut-meg, and the ginger,
Will make a sighing man a singer.
Ale giues a buffet in the head,
But ginger vnder-proppes the brayne:
When ale would strike a strong man dead,
Then nut-megge tempers it againe,
The nut-browne ale, the nut-browne ale,
Puts downe all drinke when it is stale.*

Inle.

Inc. This *Peace* breeds such Plenty, trades serue no turnes:

Bel. The more fooles wee to follow them.

Post. Lett's make vp a company of Players,
For we can all sing and say,

And so (with practise) soone may learne to play.

Incle. True, could our action answer your *extempore*.

Post. Ile teach yee to play true *Politicians*.

Incle. Why those are th' falsest subtile fellowes liues.

Bel. I pray sir, what titles haue trauailing Players?

Post. Why *proper-fellowes*, they play Lords and Kings.

Idle. What parts would best become vs (sir) I pray?

Bel. Faith to play Roagues, till wee bee bound for running

Post. Content; Scriuener, hoe, (away.

You must tye a knott of Knaues together.

Enter a Scriuener.

Scri. Your appellations?

Post. Your names he meanes; the man's learn'd.

Belch. I *Belch* the Beard-maker.

Gut. I *Gutt* the Fiddle-string-maker.

Incle. I *Incle* the Pedler.

Post. I *Maister Posthast* the Poet.

Scri. Your nomenclature?

Post. O stately Scriuener, thats wher dwell yee?

Omnes. Townesmen, townesmen all.

Scri. The Obligatories Condition?

Post. Politician Players.

Exit. Scriuener.

Bel. But whose men are wee all this while:

Post. Whose but the merry Knight's, sir *Oliner Owlets*,
There was neuer a better man to Players.

Gut. If our parrell be not poynt-deuice the fatt's i'th fire.

Post. What a greazie phrase: This playing will furnish yce.

Bel. What hoe *Maister Bogle*, a word.

Post. Heeres halfe a dozen good fellowes.

Clout. Soft sir, wee are but foure or five.

Post. The liker to thrue.

Enter Bogle.

B

Bong.

Histrion-mastix.

Bong. What saucy knaues are these?

Post. A speakes to you *players*; I am the *poett*.

Bel. As concerning the King and the Clowne.

Bong. Will you haue rich stuffe indeed?

post. Tis not to be dealt on without store of drinke.

Bong. Store of money you would say.

post. Nay tis well said, for drink must clap vp the bargaine.

Lets away.

Exeunt.

*Enter Fourcher, Voucher, Velure, Lyon-rash and
Chrisoganus in his study.*

These Merchants and Lawyers enter two and
two at seuerall doores.

Lyon. Maister *Fourcher*, how fares your body sir? come
you from your booke?

Four. Troth Maister *Lyon-rash*, this *Peace* giues Lawyers
leave to play.

Velure. Maister *Voucher*? you are very well incountred sir?

Voucher. Maister *Velure*, I value your friendship at as high
a price, as any mans.

Lion. Gentlemen, how shall wee spend this after-noone?

Four. Fayth lets goe see a Play.

Vel. See a Play, a proper pastime indeed: to heere a deale
of prating to so little purpose.

Vour. Why this going to a play is now all in the fashion.

Lyon. Why then lets goe where wee may heare sweet mu-
sick and delicate songs, for the Harmonie of musick is so Hea-
uenlike that I loue it with my life.

Four. Nay faith this after-noone wee le spend in hearinge
the Mathematickes read.

Vel. Why then lets to the *Academy* to heare *Chrisoganus*.

Omnes. content.

So all goe to *Chrisoganus study*, where they find
him reading.

Four.

Four. Maister *Chrisogannus*: by your leaue sir,

Chri. Gentlemen you are welcome.

Fur. I pray sir what were the best course for a scholler?

Chri. Why no man can attaine to any truth,
But he must seeke it *Mathematicé*.

Vour. Which are the *Mathematicque* sciences?

Chri. Arithmetick and Geometry are chiefe.

Vel. What difference is there twixt philosophy
And knowledge which is *Mathematicall*?

Chri. This sir; the naturall Philosopher
Considers, things as meerely sensible;
The *Mathematician*; *ut mente abiunctas a materia sensibili*,
But this requireth time to satisfy;
For 'tis an *Axiome* with all men of Art,
Mathematicum abstrahentem non comittere mendacium:
And (for the beauty of it,) what can be
Vrg'd (more extractive) then the face of heauen?
The misteries that Art hath found therein:
It is distinguisht into Regions,
Those Regions fil'd with sundry sorts of starres:
They (likewise) christned with peculiar names,
To see a dayly vse wrought out of them,
With demonstrations so infallible,
The pleasure cannot bee, but ravishing.

Fur. The very thought thereof enflameth mee.

Chri. Why you shall meet with proiects so remou'd
From vulgar apprehension, (as for instance,)
The Sunne heere riseth in the East with vs,
But not of his owne proper motion,
As beeing turn'd by *primum mobile*,
(The heauen aboue *Cælum stellatum*)
Whereas his true ascent is in the West,
And so hee consummates his circled course
In the *Ecliptick* line, which partes the *Zodiack*,
Being borne from *Tropick* to *Tropick*: this time
Wee call a yeere; whose *Hieroclipick* was.

Histrion-mastix.

(Amongst the *Egyptians* figured in a Snake
Wreath'd circular, the tayle within his mouth :
As (happily) the *Latines* (since) did call,
A Ring, (of the word *Annus*) *Annulus*,

Your. I apprehend not in my ablest powers,
That once in euery foure and twenty houres,
The Sunne should rise and sette; yet bee a yeare
In finishing his owne desigined course.

Chri. Why that I will demonstrate to you, thus ;
Turne a huge wheele : contrary to the sway
Place mee a flye vppon't : the flye (before
It can arriue the poynt from whence it went)
Shall sundry times be circumuolu'd about ;
Euen so the Sunne and the affinities :
For if you wonder how at one selfe houre,
Two of discordant natures may be borne,
As one a King, another some base Swaine,
One valiant, and the other timorous,
Let but two droppes of incke or water fall
Directly on so swift a turning wheele,
And you shall find them both cast farre in sunder.
Euen so the heauenly *Orbs*, whirling so fast
And so impetuously (proiect mens fates)
Most full of change and contrariety.

Four. Good faith these knowledges are very rare,
And full of admiration ; are they not ?

Chri. The *Mathematicques* are the strength of truth,
A *Magazine* of all perfection.

Your. Shall wee designe some place for exercise,
And euery morning haue a Lecture read.

Four. Content, (if soe *Chrisogonus* stand pleaz'd)
His exhibition shall be competent : wee'll all be Patrons.

Chri. To make you Artists, answeres my desire,
Rather then hope or mercenary hire.

Exeunt

Enter.

Histrio-mastix.

11

*Enter harvest-folkes with a bowle : after them, Peace
leading in Plenty. Plutus with ingottes of gold -
Ceres with sheaves : Bacchus with grapes.*

The harvest-folkes Song.

*Holyday, O blessed morne,
This day Plenty hath beene borne,
Plenty is the child of Peace;
To her birth the Gods do prease,
Full crown'd Mazors Bacchus brings,
With liquor which from grapes hee wringes :
Holliday, O blessed morne ;
This day Plenty hath bin borne,
Holliday let's loudly cry,
For ioy of her nativity.
Ceres with a bounteous hand,
Doth at Plenties elbow stand :
Binding mixed Coronets,
Of wheat which on her head she sets.
Holliday, O blessed morne,
This day Plenty hath bin borne,
Holliday lets loudly cry,
For ioy of her nativity.*

*Peace. Reach me the bowle with rich Autumnian Iuice,
That I may drinke a health to your new Queene.
Times winged howers (that poynted out my raygne,)
Are fled ; I am no more your Soueraigne.
Wound Ayre with shrill tun'd Canzonets,
I robbe my selfe to make my Daughter rich,
Peace doth resigne her pure imperiall Crowne,
(Wrought by the Muses) in whose Circle grow
All flowers that are to Phæbus consecrate.*

Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

B 3

Actus.

Histrion-mastix.

Actus secundi, scæna: I.

*Enter Plenty in Majesty, upon a Throne, heapes
of gold, Plutus, Ceres; and Bacchus
doing homage.*

Plen. What heavenly soueraignty supports my state
That *Plenty* raignes (as *Princesse*) after *Peace*?
Then if this powerfull arme can turne the hower,
It is my will, (and that shall stand for law)
That all thinges on the earth bee plentifull.
I crush out bounty from the amber grape,
And fill your barnes with swelling sheaves of *Corne*,
How can this, but engender blessed thought,
Especially when Gods our good haue sought?

Ceres. For thee, thy seruants captiuate the Earth,
Her fruitfulness fals downe at *Plentys* feete.

Bach. *Bacchus* will cheere her melancholly sence,
With droppes of *Nectar* from this *Crimson* luyce.

Plut. Her body shall sustaine ten thousand wounds,
And swarthy *India* be transform'd to *Sea*,
Disgorging golden choller to the waues,
Before sweet *Plenty* find the least defect.

Plen. For this abundance powr'd at *Plentys* feet,
You shall be *Tetrarch's* of this petty world.

*Enter Manortius, Philarchus,
Chrisogonus.*

Mano. What dullards thus, would dote in rusty *Arte*?
Plodding vpon a booke to dull the sence,
And see the world become a treasure-house,
Where Angells swarme like Bees in *Plentys* streets,
And euery Peasant surfets on their sweetes?

Phil. Giue mee a season that will stuttre the blood

I like not Nigardice to hungar-starue,
Tis good when pooremen frolicke in the hall,
The whil'ft our fathers in the Chambers feast,
And none repines at any straunger-guest.

Chri. Who was the authour of this store, but Peace?
That common-welth is neuer well at ease,
Where Parchment skinnes, whose vse should beare records,
Must head their brawling Drummes and keepe a coyle,
As if they threatned *Plenty* with a spoyle.

Plenty. Your houses must bee open to the poore,
Your dusty Tables fill'd with store of meate,
Let goodly yeomen at your elboes stand,
Swords by their sides and trenchers in their hand:
Long-skirted coates, wide-sleeues with cloth inough:
Thus Lords, you shall my gouernment enlarge,
Reuerence your Queene, by practizing her charge.

Omnes. Ours be the charge and thine the Empire.

Exit Plenty.

The bring her to the doore and leaue her.

Mauro. Gallants let vs inuent some pleasing sportes,
To fit the Plentuous humor of the Time,

Chri. What better recreations can you find,
Then sacred knowledge in diuineft thinges.

Phil. Your bookes are Adamants and you the Iron
That cleaues to them till you confound your selfe

Mauro. Poore Scholler spend thy spirits so and dye.

Phil. Let them doe soe that list, so will not I.

Mauro. I cannot feed my appetite with Ayre,
I must pursue my pleasures royally,
That spung'd in sweat, I may returne from sport,
Mount mee on horse-back, keepe the Hounds and Haukes,
And leaue this Idle contemplation,
To rugged Stoicall Morosophists.

Chri. O! did you but your owne true glories know,
Your iudgements would not then decline so low.

Phil.

Histrionastix.

Phil. What Maister Pedant, pray forbear, forbear.

Chri. Tis you my Lord that must forbear to erre.

Phil. 'Tis still safe erring with the multitude :

Chri. A wretched morall ; more then barbarous rude.

Mauro. How you translating-scholler ? you can make
A stabbing *Satir*, or an *Epigram*,

And thinke you carry iust *Ramnusia's* whippe

To lash the patient ; goe, get you clothes,

Our free-borne blood such apprehension lothes.

Chr. Proud Lord, poore Art shall weare a glorious crowne,
When her despisers die to all renowne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Contrimen, to them, Clarke of the Market :
hee wrings a bell, and drawes a curtaine : where-
under is a market set about a Crosse.

Con. Wher's this drunkard Clarke to ring the bell ?

Clar. Heigho, bottle Ale has buttond my cappe.

Corne-b. Whats a quarter of Corne ?

Seller. Two and six-pence.

Corne-b. Ty't vp tis mine.

Enter a Marchants wife, with a Prentice,
carrying a hand-basket

Wife. ha'y' any Potatoes ?

Seller. Th'abundance will not quite-cost the bringing.

Wife. What's your Cock-sparrowes a dozen ?

Sell. A penny Mistresse.

Wife. Ther's for a dozen ; hold.

Enter Gulch, Belch, Clowt, and Gut. One of them
steppes on the Crosse, and c yes a Play.

Gulch. All they that can sing and say,
Come to the Towne-house and see a Play,
At three a clocke it shall beginne,

The finest play that e're was seene.
Yet there is one thing more in my minde,
Take heed you leaue not your purses behinde.

Enter a Ballet singer, and singes a Ballets

Bal. What's your playes name? Maisters whose men are ye?
how the signe of the Owle ith Iuy bush? *Sir Oliuer Owlets.*

Gul. Tis a signe yee are not blind Sir.

Belsh. The best that euer trode on stage.

The Lascinious Knight, and Lady Nature.

Post. Haue you cry'd the Play, maisters?

Omnes. I, I, I, no doubt we shall haue good dooings, but
How proceed you in the new plot of the prodigall childe?

Post. O sirs, my wit's grown no lesse plentiful then the time.
Ther's two sheets done in folio, will cost two shillings in rime.

Gut. Shall we heere a flut before the audience come.

Post. I that you shall, I sweare by the Sunne--sit down sirs,

*Hee reades the Prologue, they sit to
heare it.*

When Authours quill, in quiuering hand,

His tyred arme did take:

His wearied Muse, had him deuise,

Some fine play for to make.

And now my Maisters in this brauadoe,

I can read no more without Canadoe.

Omnes. What hoe? some Canadoe quickly,

Enter Vintner with a quart of Wine.

Post. Enter the Prodigall Child; fill the pot I would say,
Huffa, huffa, who callis for mee?

I play the Prodigall child in iollytie.

Clout. O detestable good.

Post. Enter to him Dame Vertue:

My Sonne thou art a lost childe,

(This is a passion, note you the passion?)

Histrion-mastix.

*And hath many poore men of their goods beguil'd:
O prodigall childe, and childe prodigall.
Read the rest sirs, I cannot read for teares,
Fill mee the pot I pier the fellow Gulch.*

Gutt. Faith we can read nothing but riddles.

Post. My maisters, what tire weares your lady on her head?

Bell. Foure Squirrels tailes ti'de in a true loues knot.

Post. O amiable good, 'tis excellent.

Clout. But how shall we doe for a Prologue for lords?

Post. Ple don't extempore.

Bel. O might we heere a spurt if need require.

Post. *Why Lords we are heere to shew you what we are,
Lords wee are heere although our cloths be bare,
In steed of flowers, in season, yee shall gather Rime and Reason?
I neuer pleas'd my selfe better, it comes off with such suauity.
Gul.* Well fellowes, I neuer heard happier stufte,
Heer's no new luxurie or blandishment,
But plenty of old Englands mothers words. (State,

Clout. I st not pittty this fellow's not imploid in matters of
But wher's the *Epilogue* must beg the *plaudite*?

Post. Why man?

The glasse is run, our play is done,

Hence Time doth call, wee thanke you all.

Gulsh. I but how if they doe not clap their hands.

Post. No matter so they thump vs not,

Come, come, we poets haue the kindest wretches to our Ingles

Belsh. Why whats an Ingle man?

Post. One whose hands are hard as battle-dores with clapping at baldnesse.

Clout. Then we shal haue rare Ingling at the prodigal child.

Gul. I am be playd vpon a good night---lets giue it out for

Post. Content.

(Friday.

Enter Steward.

Stew. My maisters; my Lord Manortius is dispos'd to heere
what you can doe.

Belsh. What fellowes, shall we refuse the Towne-play?

Post.

Post. Why his reward is worth the *Maïor* & all the towne.
Omnes. Weele make him mery ifaith, weele be there. *Exeunt*

*Enter Velure and Lyon-rash, with a Water-spaniell,
and a Duck.*

Vel. Come sirs, how shall we recreate our selues,
This plentious time forbids abroad at home.

Lyon. Let's Duck it with our Dogs to make vs sport,
And crosse the water to eate some Creame ;
What hoe? Sculler.

Vel. You doe forget ; *Plenty* affoords vs Oares.

*Enter Furcher, and Vourcher, with
bowes and arrowes.*

Four. What shall we shoote for a greene Goose sir?

Vour. Ther's a wise match.

Fur. Faith we may take our bowes and shafts and sleepe,
This dreaming long vacation giues vs leaue.

Vel. Gentlemen, well met, what? *Panocrace* Knights?

Vour. The bounty of the time will haue it so.

Four. You are prepard for sport, as well as we.

Vour. One of the goodliest Spaniels I haue scene.

Lyon. And heere's the very quintessence of Duckes.

Fur. For diuing meane yee?

Lyon. I, and thiuing too.

For I haue wonne three wagers this last weeke ;

What? will you goe with vs and see our sport?

Vour. No faith sir, Ile go ride and breath my horse.

Vel. Why whether ride you? we will all goe with you.

Vour. Lets meet some ten miles hence to hawke & hunt.

Lyon. Content: this plenty yeelds vs choise of sports.

Our trades and we are now no fit consorts. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Vsher of the Hall; and Clarck
of the Kitchin.*

Vsher. Maister Clarke of the Kitchin; faith what's your
dayly expence.

Clar. Two beecues, a score of Muttons;
Hogshheads of Wine, and Beere, a doozen a day.

Histrion-mastix.

Vsh. Neuer was Age more plentifull.

Clar. Vsher, it is my Lords pleasure, all comers bee bounteously entertained.

Vsher. I but ist my Ladies pleasure.

Cla. What else? She scornes to weare cloth-breeches man.

Enter Porter.

Porter. A Morrice-daunce of neighbours craue admittance.

Clar. Porter, let them in man.

Enter Morrice-dancers.

Butler, make them drinke their skinnes full.

Omnes mor.dan. God blesse the founder.

Clar. Porter, are these Players come?

Port. Halfe an houre a goe sir.

Clar. Bid them come in and sing, the meat's going vp. *Exit*

Vsh. Gentlemen and yeomen, attend vpon the Sewer.

Enter Players, with them Post-hast the Poet.

Vsh. Sir *Oliuer Owlets* men welcome, by Gods will,
It is my Lords pleasure it should be so.

Post. Sir, we haue carowst like Kings,
For heere is plenty of all things.

Vsh. Looke about you Maisters; be vncouer'd.

Enter Sewer with seruice, in side livery coates.

The Players Song.

BRave ladds come forth and chant it, and chant it,
for now 'tis supper time.

See how the dishes flaunt it, and flaunt it,
with meate to make vp rime.

Pray for his honor truly, and truly,
in all hee undertakes;

He seru's the poore most duly, and duely,
as all the country speakes.

Post. God blesse my Lord *Manortins*, & his merry men all,
To make his honour merry, we sing in the hall.

Vsh. My

Vsb. My Maisters, for that we are not onely (for causes)
Come new to the house; but also (for causes)

I maruaile where you will lodge, (our heads.

Post. We hope (for causes) in the house, though drinke be in
Because to *Plenty* we carowse, for beefe and beere, and beds.

Vsb. Sed like honest men: what playes haue you?

Beich. Here's a Gentleman scholler writes for vs:

I pray Maister *Post-hast*, declare for our credits.

Post. For mine owne part, though this summer season
I am desperate of a horse.

Vsb. 'Tis well; but what playes haue you?

Post. A Gentleman's a Gentleman, that hath a cleane shirt
on, with some learning, and so haue I.

Vsb. One of you answer the names of your playes,

Post. *Mother Gurtons neadle*; (a Tragedy.)

The Dinell and Dines; (a Comedie.)

Arusset coate, and a Knaues cap; (an Infernall)

A proud heart and a beggars purse; (a pastorall.)

The Widdowes apron-strings; (a nocturnall.)

Vsb. I promise yee, pritty names,

I pray what yee want in any thing,

To take it out in drinke.

And so goe make yee ready maisters.

Exeunt players.

*Enter Manortius, Philarchus, with Landulpho (an Italian Lord)
and other Nobles and Gentles to see the Play.*

Mano. My Lords, your entertainment is but base,

Courser your cates, but welcome with the best.

Fellowes some Cushions; place faire Ladies heere.

Signiour *Landulpho*; pray be merry sir.

Lady. I'll th' Italian guise to be so sad?

When Loue and Fancie should be banquetting?

Land. Madam, your kindnesse hath full power to command.

Lady. These admirable wits of Italy,

That court with looks, and speake in fillables,

Histrion-mastix.

11

Are curious sepeuifours ouer strangers,
And when wee couet so to frame our selues,
(Like ouer-nice portraying picturers,)
We spoyle the counterfeite in colouring;
England is playne and loues her mothers guyse,
Enricht with cunning, as her parents rise.

Land. Lady, these eyes did euer hate to scorne;
This tounge's vnur'd to carpe or contrary,
The bozome where this heart hath residence,
I wish may seeme the seat of curtesie.

Vsher. Rowme my Maisters take your places,
Hold vp your torches for dropping there.

Mauro. Vsher are the Players ready? bid them beginne.

Enter Players and Sing.

*Some vp and some downe, ther's Players in the towne,
You wot well who they bee:*

The summe doth arise, to three companies,

One, two, three, foure, make wee.

Besides we that trauell, with pumps full of grauell,

Made all of such running leather:

That once in a weeke, new maisters wee seeke,

And neuer can hold together.

Enter Prologue.

Prol. *Phillida* was a faire maid; I know one fairer then she,
Troylus was a true louer; I know one truer then he:
And *Cressida* that dainty dame, whose beauty faire & sweet,
Was cleare as is y^e Christall streame, that runs along y^e street.
How *Troyll* he that noble knight, was drunk in loue and bad
So bending leg likewise; do you not vs despise. (goodnight,

Land. Most vgly lines and base-browne-paper-stuffe
Thus to abuse our heauenly poesie,
That sacred off-spring from the braine of Ioue,
Thus to be mangled with prophane absurds,
Strangled and chok't with lawlesse bastards words

Mauro.

Mauo. I see (my Lord) this home-spun country stuffe,
Brings little liking to your curious eare,
Be patient for perhaps the play will mend.

Enter Troylus and Cresfida.

Troy. Come *Cresfida* my Cresset light,
Thy face doth shine both day and night,
Behold, behold, thy garter blue,
Thy knight his valiant elboe weares,
That When he shakes his furious Speare,
The foe in shiuering fearefull sort,
May lay him downe in death to snort.

Cresf. O knight with vallour in thy face,
Here take my skreene weare it for grace,
Within thy Helmet put the same,
Therewith to make thine enemies lame.

Land. Lame stuffe indced the like was neuer heard.

Enter a roaring Diuell with the Vice on his back, Iniquity in one hand; and Inuentus in the other.

Vice. Passion of me sir, puffe puffe how I sweat sir,
The dust out of your coate sir, I intend for to beat sir.

Iuv. I am the prodigall child, I that I am,
Who sayes I am not, I say he is too blame.

Iniq. And I likewise am *Iniquitie*
Beloued of many alasse for pitty.

Diuell. Ho ho ho, these babes mine are all,
The *Vice*, *Iniquitie* and child *Prodigall*.

Land. Fie what vnworthy foolish foppery,
Presents such buzzardly simplicity.

Mauo. No more, no more, vnlesse twere better,
And for the rest yee shall be our debtor.

Post. My i ords, of your accords. some better pleasure for
to bring, if you a theame affords, you shall knowe it, that I
Post-hast the Poet, extempore can sing.

Land. I pray my Lord let's ha'te, the Play is so good,
That this mu't needs be excellent.

Histrio-mastix.

Mano. Content (my Lord) pray giue a theame.

Theam.

Land. Your Poetts and your Pottes,
Are knit in true-Loue knots.

The Song extempore.

Giue your Scholler degrees, and your Lawyer his fees
And some dice for Sir Petronell flash:
Giue your Courtier grace, and your Knight a new case,
And empty their purses of cash.
Giue your play-gull a stoole, and my Lady her foole,
And her vsber potatoes and marrow
But your Poet were he dead, set a pot to his head,
And he rises as peart a sparrow.
O delicate wine with thy power so diuine,
Full of ranshing sweete inspiration,
Yet a verse may runne cleare that is rapt out of beare:
Especially in the vacation.
But when the terme comes, that with trumpets and drumes,
Our play houses ringe in confusion,
Then Bacchus me murder, but rime we no further,
Some sacke now, upon the conclusion.

Man. Giue them forty pence let them goe,
How likes Landulpho this extempore song? *Exeunt players.*

Land. I blush in your behalves at this base trash;
In honour of our Italy we sport,
As if a Synod of the holly Gods,
Came to triumph within our Theaters,
(Alwaies commending English curtesie.)
Our Amphitheaters and Pyramides
Are scituate like three-headed *Dindymus*,
Where stand the Statues of three striding Queenes,
That once contended for the goulden ball,
(Alwaies commending English curtesie.)

Are

Are not your curious Dames of sharper spirit ?
I haue a mistresse whose intangling wit,
Will turne and winde more cunning arguments,
Then could the *Cretan Labyrinth* ingyre.
(Alwayes commending English courtesie.)

Man. Good sir, you giue our English Ladyes cause,
Respectiue to applaud th' Italian guise,
Which proudly hence-forth we will prosecute.

Land. Command what fashion Italy affoord.

Phil. By'r Lady sir, I like not of this pride,
Giue me the ancient hospitallity,
They say 'tis merry in hall, when beards wag all.
The Italian Lord is an Ass, the song is a good song,

Actus tertij, scæna 1.

*Enter Pride, Vaine-glory, Hypocrisie, and Contempt: Pride
casts a mist, wherein Manortius and his company
vanish off the Stage, and Pride and her
attendants remaine.*

Pride. Braue mindes, now beautifie your thoughts with
Send forth your Shippes vnto the furthest Seas, (pompe,
Fetch mee the feathers of th' Arabian Birds,
Bring Mermaides combes, and glasses for my gaze:
Let all your sundry imitating shapes,
Make this your natiue soyle, the land of Apes.
Then Ladies trick your traines with Turkish pride,
Plate your disheauled haire with ropes of Pearle,
Weare sparkling Diamonds like twinkling starres,
And let your spangled crownes shine like the Sunne,
„ If you will sit in throne of state with Pride,
„ The newest fashion (still) must be your guide.

Vain. Vaine-glory vowes to lackey by thy foote,
Till she hath swolne mens hearts with Arrogance.

D

Hyp. In

ced

Histrion-mastix.

Hyp. In like designes, *twofac'd Hypocrisie*,
Is prest to spend her deepest industry.

Gont. And (till her soueraignty decline and bow)
Contempt shall be enthron'd in euery browe.

Pry. Then thus, (as soueraigne Empresse of all sinnes)
Pryde turnes her houre and heere her Sctane beginnes.

Enter Furcher, and Vourcher; two Lawyers.

Vour. How shall we best imploy this idle time?

Four. Lets argue on some case for exercise.

Vour. You see the full gorg'd world securely sleepest,
And sweet contention (Lawyers best content)
Is sent by drowisie *Peace* to banishment.

Pryd. O these be Lawyers! Concords enemies,
Prydes fuell shall their fire of strife increase.

aside.

Enter Velure and Lyon-rash.

Four. Signior *Vourcher*, know you those Cittizens?

Vour. They are two wealthy Merchants and our friends.

Four. Yt may be they haue brought vs welcome fets.

Pry. Lawyers and Merchants met! bestir thee *Pride*, *aside*

Vel. In faith no sute sir, quiet, quiet all.

Pry. Fortune and health attend you Gentlemen.

Four. We thanke you Lady; may we craue your name?

Pry. Men call me *Pryde*, and I am *Plenties* heire:

Immortall, though I beare a mortall shoue.

Are not you Lawyers, from whose reuerend lippes

Th'amaxed multitude learne Oracles?

Are not you Merchants, that from East to West.

From th'antartieke to the Artick Poles,

Bringing all treasure that the earth can yeeld?

Omnes. We are, (most worthy Lady)

Pry. Then vse your wisedome to enrich your selues,
Make deepe successe high Steward of your store.

Enlarge your mighty spirits, striue to excede,

In buildings, ryot, garments gallantry.

For take this note: *The world the show affects.*

Histrion-mastix.

*Playne Vertue, (villie cladde) is counted Vice,
And makes high blood indure base preiudice.*

Vour. But wee haue Lawes to limite our attire.

Pry. Broke with the least touch of a golden wyer.

Vel. Yet wisdomes still commands to keepe a meane,

Pry. True, had you no meanes to excell the same,
But hauing power, labour to ascend,
The fames of mighty men do neuer end,

Four. Is not Ambition an aspiring sinne?

Pry. Yes for blind batts and birds of lazy wing.

Lyon. Me seemes ti's good to keepe within our bounds,

Pry. Why beasts themselues, of bounds are discontent,
Spend me your studies to get offices,
Then stooping suiters with vncouered heads
May groaning come, vnbowelling the bagges,
Of their rich burthens, in your wide mouth'd deskes.

Lyon. But men will taxe vs to want charity.

Pry. True charity beginneth first at home,
Heere in your bosomes dwell your deere-lou'd hearts,
Feed them with ioy; first crowne their appetites,
And then cast water on the care-scorch't face,
Let your owne longings first be satisfied,
All other pittie is but foolish pryde.

Four. Sweet councell; worthy of most high regard,
All our indeauours shall be to aspire.

Vour. Ours to be rich and gallant in attire.

Pry. All to be braue, else all of no respect,
It is the habit, doth the mind deiect.

Vour. Lets braue it out, since *Pride* hath made vs knowe,
Nothing is grac'd that wants a glorious showe.

Exeunt; manet Pryde.

Pry. The puffed vp spirits of the greater sort,
Shall make them scorne the abiect and the base,
Th'impatient spirit of the wretched sort,
Shall thinke imposed duties their disgrace,
Poore naked neede shall be as full of pryde,

Histrion-mastix.

As he that for his wealth is Deicide.

Exit.

*Enter Steward, with foure Seruingmen, with Swords
and Bucklers, in their hose and doublets.*

1. *ser.* No Steward with discharge shall vs disgrace,

Stew. Why all the Lords haue now cashierd their traines.

2. *ser.* But we haue seru'd his father in the field.

3. *ser.* What, thinke they boyes can serue to beard their foes?

Enter Mauortius and Philarchus with their pages.

Page. Be patient fellow, see'st thou not my Lord?

1. *ser.* What an I see him? puppet prating ape?

2. *ser.* We are no stocks, but we can feele disgrace.

3. *ser.* Nor tonguelesse blocks, but since we feele, wee le speak.

Mano. What a coyle keepes those fellows there?

Stew. These impudent audacious seruing-men,
Scarcely belecue your honours late discharge. *Exit.*

1. *ser.* Belecue it? by this sword and buckler no,
Stript of our liueries, and discharged thus?

Mano. Walke sirs, nay walke; awake yee drowfie drones,
That long haue suckt the honney from my hiues:
Be gone yee greedy beefe-eaters y'are best:
The Callis Cormorants from Douer roade,
Are not so chargeable as you to feed.

Phil. 'Tis true my Lord, they carelesly deuoure,
In faith good fellowes get some other trade,
Yee liue but idle in the common-wealth.

Mano. Broke we not house vp, you would breake our backs.

1. *ser.* We breake your backs? no 'tis your rich lac'd suites,
And straight lac'd mutton; those breake all your backs.

Phil. Cease Ruffians, with your swords and bucklers, hence.

2. *ser.* For seruice, this is sauage recompence.

Your Fathers bought lands and maintained men?

You sell your lands, and scarfe keepe rascall boyes,

Who Ape-like iet, in garded coates; are whipt

For mocking men? though with a shamlesse face,

Yet gracelesse boyes can neuer men disgrace.

3. *ser.*

Hystrio-mastix.

3. Ser. Desertfull vertue : O impiety!

Exeunt.

Man. My Lord *Philarchus*, follow all my course,
I keepe a Taylor, Coach-man, and a Cooke,
The rest for their boord-wages may goe looke,
A thousand pound a yeare, will so be sau'd
For reuelling, and banquetting and playes.

Phil. Playes, well remembred, we will haue a play,
Steward lets haue Sir *Olliner Owlets* men,

Man. *Philarchus*, I mislike your fashion?

Phil. Faith Ile fly intoo't with a sweeping wing,
Me thinkes your honours hose fit very well,
And yet this fashion is growne so stale;

Man. Your hat is of a better blocke then mine.

Phil. Is on a better block, your Lordship meanes;

Man. Without all question tis, he that denies,
Either he hath no iudgement or no eyes.

Phil. Your Lord-ships doublet-skirt is short and neate,

Man. Who sits there, finds the more vnease seate;

Enter a Page.

Pag. My Lords, your Supper staies; tis eight a clock,

Man. What, is't so late, that fashion's not so good. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Perpetuana, Fillisella, Bellula, with them a Jeweller,
a Tyre-woman, and a Taylour; with euery one
their severall furniture.*

Perp. Of our three Jewells (sir) which likes you best?

Jew. An excellent piece, this thos excell as farre,
As glorious *Tytan* stains a silly *Starre*;

Filli. Tush, be not partiall, but peruse mine well,
See you not proud *Ulysses* carrying spoyles;

Jew. The rest are but (to this) in sooth base foyles,
And yet they all are ritch and wondrous faire,

Bell. But trash; Ile haue a Jewell *Amatist*,
Whose beauty shall strike blind the gazers *Eye*;

Histrion-mastix.

Perp. Ile put it downe, one promised to deuise
A Globelike Jewell cut transparently,
And in the place of fixed starres, to set
The richest stones that mightiest summes could get.

Fill. Nay Ile be matchlesse for a carcanet,
Whose Pearles and Diamonds plac'd with ruly rocks
Shall circle this faire necke to set it forth,

Bell. Well Goldsmith, now you may begone.-----*Taylour,*

Exit Jeweller

Ile haue a purfled Roabe, loose boddied-wise,
That shall enioy my iewells maydenhead.

Tay. The loosest bodies are in fashion most,

Perp. We better know what likes vs best, then you,
Let me haue flaring fashions, tuck't and pinn'd
That powerfull winds may heaue it all a huffe,

Bell. True measure of my body shalbe tane,
Plaine dealing is the best when all is done,
That fall Pride taught vs when we first begun.

Fill. Ile haue a rich imboist imbrothery,
On which inualluable pretious Roabe,
Ile hang the glorious brightnesse of my Globe,
Mistresse Pinckanie is my new ruffe done?

Pinc. Beleeue me Madam tis but new begun.

Bell. Let pinching city-dames orecloud their Eies,
Our breasts lie forth like conduits of delight
Able to tice the nicest appetite,
Mistresse Pinckanie, shall I haue this Fanne,

Pink. Maddam not this weeke doe what I can,

Fill. Pleasure as bondslaue, to our wills is tyed,
We Ladies cannot be defam'd with Pride,
Come, let's haue a play, let poore slaues prate
Ranck pride in meanest sort, in vs is state,
Remember promise mistres Pinkanie.

Pink. Well Ladies, though with worke I am oppressd,
Workewomen alwaies liue by doing, best.

Exeunt,

Enter

Histrionastix.

*Enter Chrisoganus Posthast, Gulch, Clout,
Gut, and Belch.*

Bell. Chrisoganus saith what's the lowest price,

Chri. You know as well as I; tenne pound a play.

Gull. Our Companie's hard of hearing of that side,

Chri. And will not this booke passe, alas! for pride,

I hope to see you starue and storme for bookes,

And in the dearth of rich inuention,

When sweet smooth lines are held for pretious

Then will you fawne and crouch to Poesie.

Clot. Not while goossequillian *Posthast* holds his pen.

Gut. Will not our owne stufte serue the multitude?

Chri. Write on, crie on, yawle to the common sort
Of thickskin'd auditours: such rotten stufes,

More fit to fill the paunch of *Esquiline*,

Then feed the hearings of iudiciall eares,

Yee shades tryumphe, while foggy Ignorance

Clouds bright *Apollo's* beauty: Time will cleere,

The misty dullnesse of Spectators Eeyes,

Then wofull hisses to your sopperies,

O age when euery Scriueners boy shall dippe?

Prophaning quills into Thessaliaes Spring,

When euery artist prentice that hath read

The pleasant pantry of conceits shall dare,

To write as confident as *Hercules*.

When euery Ballad-monger boldly writes:

And windy forth of bottle-ale doth fill

Their purest organ of inuention:

Yet all applauded and puffed vp with pryde,

Swell in conceit, and load the Stage with stufte,

Rakt from the rotten imbers of stall iests:

Which basest lines best please the vulgar sence.

Make truest raprure lose preheminance.

Bel. The fellow doth talke like one that can talke,

Cut.

Histrionastix.

Gutt. Is this the well-learn'd man *Chrisoganus*,
He beats the Ayre the best that ere I heard,

Chri. Yee scrappes of wit, base Ecchoes to our voice,
Take heed yee stumble not with stalking hie?

Though fortune reeles with strong prosperity. *Exit.*

Clou. Farwell the Muses, poore Poet adiew,
When we haue need 't may be weele send for you.

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord hath sent request to see a play.

Post. Your Lord? what, shall our paines be soundly recom-
With open hand of honours francke reward? (penc'd?)

Stew. Yee shall haue foure faire Angells gentlemen,

Clout. Faire Ladies meane you? we haue foure i' th' play

Ste. Nay (my good friends) I meane in faire pure gold.

Gull. Fie tis to much, too long ere it be told,

Stew. Mas these are single iests indeed,
But I will double it once, ye shall haue eight.

Post. But are you sure that none will want the weight?
To wey downe our expence in sumptuous Clothes?

Bell. Well, pleasures pride shall mount to higher rate,
Tenne pound a play will scarce maintaine our state,

Stew. Fat *Plenty* brings in *Pride* and *Idlenesse*:
The world doth turne a Maze in giddy round:
This time doth rayse, what other times confound.

Post. O sir, your morall lines were better spent,
In matters of more worthy consequent.

Gull. Well, whilest occasion helps to clime alofft,
Wee'le mount Promotions highest battlement.

Stew. And breake your necks I hope; clime not too fast,
A heady course, confusion ends at last.

Post. Preach to the poore; looke Steward, to your compt,
Direct your houshold, teach not vs to mount:

Stew. Farewell yee proud (I hope they heare me not)
Proud Statute Rogues. *Exit they follow.*

Enter

Histrion-mastix.

*Enter Foucher, Velure, Lyon-rash, Champerty
and Calamancha, their wives.*

Champ. Faith husband, Ile haue one to beare my traine,
Another bare before to vs her me.

Cala. Nay I my selfe will learne the Courtly grace,
Honour shall giue my wealth a higher place.
Out on these veluet gards, and black lac'd sleeues,
These simpering fashions simply followed. (ride.

Cham. Well, through the streetes in thundring coache Ile
Why serues our wealth, but to maintaine our pride?
Lawe, Armes, and Merchandize, these are three heads,
From whence Nobility first tooke his spring.
Then let our haughty mindes our fortunes spend,
Pleasure and honour shall our wealth attend.

Calla. Nay I will haue it, I that I will.

Four. Containe your speech, within your priuate thoughts,
Wee are encountred with the honour'd traine.

*Enter Manortius, Philarchus, Fillissella,
Bellula, and others.*

Mano. Faire Ladies, could these times affoord you cates,
You should be feasted in *Apolloes* hall;
But (Lords) the chaps of wide-pancht gluttonie,
Haue wasted all the dainties of the land.
Seruant Philarchus, what, no maske too night?

Phil. A Play, a Maske, a Banquet, wee haue all.

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord, the Players now are growne so proud,
Ten pound a play, or no point Comedy. *Exit.*

Mano. What? insolent with glib prosperity?
Faith Gentlemen no Players will appeare:
Gallants, to your Maske.

Phil. How soone they can remember to forget,
Their vnderferued Fortunes and esteeme;
Blush not the peasants at their pedigree?

Histrion-mastix.

Suckt pale with lust ; what, bladders swolne with pride,
To strout in shreds of nitty brogerie ?

Mano. Well, though the penny raisd them to the pound,
Iust *Eunie*, causelesse *Pride* doth still confound.

Phil. Well let them blase, ther's none so blind but sees,
Prydes fall is still frost-bit with miseries.

Enter a Maske.

What, cometh they in so blunt without deuise ?

Fill. The night is dead before the sport be borne.

Mauor. Cease Musick there, prepare to banquet sirs.

Phi. *Ceres* and *Bacchus* tickled, *Venus* stirs.

Mau. Gallants vnmaske, and fall to banquetting,
A health about, carowse shall feede carowse.

Phil. The first is pledg'd, and heere begins a fresh.

Mau. This royall health of welcome greetes you all.

Vouch. *Bacchus* begins to reele with going round.

Phil. The grape begins to fume.

Mauor. Why let it fret : not pledge a Nobleman.

Champ. I like this Jewell, Ile haue his fellow.

Bell. How ? you ? what fellow it ? gip Veluet gards.

Champ. Insolent for-bear.

Mauor. A petty-foggers whoodded wife so pearcht ?

Cham. Why not proud Lord ? then bid your mincks come

Vouch. Dishonourable Lord, I say thou li'st. (downe.

Mauor. I challenge thee on that disgracefull word,

Vouch. Heere answer I thy challenge in this wine.

Mano. I will confirme thy pledge, and meete thee too.

They speake and fall a sleepe on the Stage.

Sound Musicke.

Enter Enuy alone to all the Actors sleeping on the Stage:
the musicke sounding : shee breaths
amongst them.

Enuy. Downe climbing *Pride* to *Stygian Tartarie*,
The breath of *Enuy* fills the empty world,
Enuy, whose nature is to worke alone,

Histrionastix.

As hating any Agent but her selfe,
Turne, turne, thou Lackey to the winged Tyme,
I enuie thee in that thou art so slow,
And I so swift to mischiefe: So, now stand,
Peace, Plenty, Pryde, had their competitors,
But I enioy my Soueraignty alone.
Now shall proud Noblesse, Law, and Merchandize,
Each swell at other, as their veines would breake,
Fat Ignorance, and rammish Barbarisme,
Shall spit and driuell in sweete Learnings face,
Whilst he halfe staru'd in Enuie of their power,
Shall eat his marrow, and him-selfe deuoure,
Awake yee Brawne-fed Epicures, looke vp,
And when you thinke your clearest eyes to finde.
Be all their Organs strooke with *Enuie* blind. *Exit.*
They all awake, and begin the following Acte.

Actus 4. Scæna 1.

Mano. O pallid *Enuie* how thou suck'st my bloud,
And waites my vitall spirits: I could raue,
Runne madde with anguish, for my slight respect,
O wher's the honour to my high borne bloud!
When euery peasant, each Plebeian,
Sits in the throne of vnder seru'd repute,
When euery Pedlers-French is term'd Monsignuer,
When broad-cloathd trades-man, and what lack you sir,
Is wrapt in riche habiliments of silke,
Whilst vrgent need makes Princes bend their knee,
As seruile as the ignobilitie,
To crouch for coyne, whilst slaues tye fast our Lands,
In Statute Staple, or these Marchants bands.

Bellu. Wan ghostlike *Enuie*, spungeth vp my bloud,
Whilst I behold yon halfe-fac'd Minion,
The daughter of some Cloues and Cinamon,

Histrion-mastix.

To equall me in rich accoustrements.
O, wher's the outward difference of our birth!
When each odde-minging mistresse Citty-Dame,
Shall dare to bee as sumptuously adorn'd
With Jewels, chaines, and richest ornaments,
As wee from whom their Fathers held their land
In bond-slaues Tenure, and base villianage.

Vouch. Why should yon bubble of Nobility,
Yon shade of Man appropriate *Epithetes*
Of noble, and right honorable, Sir,
To the blind Fortune of his happy birth?
Why should this reeling world (drunke with the iuice
Of *Plenties* bounty) giue such attribute
Of soueraigne title, place and dignity,
To that same swolne vp Lord, whom blinded chance,
Aboue his vertues merite doth aduance,
To high exalted state, whilst all repine,
To see our sweate rewarded, and our paine
Guerdond but with a single fee, an Angels gaine.

Champ. God for his mercy, how yon Lady ietts,
And swoopes along in Persian royalty.
O, I could pine with *Enuie*, and consume
My heart in fowle disdain, that she should strout,
And swell in ostentation of her birth,
Decking the curled tresses of her haire
With glittering ornaments, whilst I am pent
In nice respect of ciuill modesty:
He not indure it, Lawyers wiues shall shine,
Spight of the lawe, and all that dare repine.

Vel. Drops of cold sweat hang on my fretting brow,
O, I could gnash my teeth, and whip my selfe,
Parboyle my liuer in this enuious heate
Of deepe repining Malice! I am vext,
Stung with a Viperous impatience,
That yon Nobility, yon *Iohn a Stile*,
Should sole possesse the throne of dignity,

Whilst

Histrio-mastix.

Whilst wee fat Burgomasters of the State,
Rich treasuries of gold, full stufft vp trunks,
With all the fattest marrow of the land
Should be debarr'd from types Maiesticall,
And liue like *Aesops* Asses: whilst our meane birth
Curbes our aspiring humours from the seate,
Of honours mounted state; I cannot sleepe,
My entrailes burne with scorne, that Merchandize,
Should stand and lick the pauement with his knee,
Bare-head and crouching to Nobility,
Though forfeited to vs be all their state,
Yet *Ennie* (still) my heart doth macerate.

Perp. Giv Mistresse Madam, and French-hood intaild
Vnto a *Habeas Corpus*: Iesu God,
How proud they iet it, and must I giue wall?
And bend my body to their Mistresse-ships,
O husband, I am sick, my cheeke is pale
With _____

Vel. With what my sweete?

Perp. With *Ennie*, which no Physick can preuent;
Shall I still stand an abiect in the eye,
Of faire respect, not mounted to the height
To the top gallant of o're-peering state,
That with Elated lookes of Maiestie,
I may out face the proud pild Eminence,
Of this same gilded Madam *Bellula*,
And yon same *Ione a Noke*, chain'd *Champerlie*?

Vel. Content thee wise; the tide of Royalty,
Shall onely flowe into our Merchandize,
The gulfhe of our Ambition shall deuoure
All the supports of honour, lands and plate,
Rich minerall Iewels, sumptuous pallaces,
All shall be swallow'd by the yawning mouth
Of hungry Auarice. Thus I plotted it,
You see *Manortius* stormie brow portends,
Tempestuous whirle-windes of tumultuous armes,

Histrion-mastix.

Now when the breath of warre is once denounc'd,
Then troup the gallants to our wealthy shops.
To take vp rich apparrell pawne their land,
To pufte vp *Prides* swolne bulke with plumy showes,
Then, when the *Actions* expectation flags,
And fills not vp the mouth of gaping hope,
To vs returns the mal'contented youth,
And for the furnishment of one suite more,
All, all, is ours, Jewells, plate and Lands,
Al take carriere into the Marchants hands,
Then come, withdraw, and coole thy enuious heate,
My pollicy shall make thy hopes repleate.

Exeunt Velu. and Perpetu.

Camp. And shall I still (deere *Voucher*) sit below,
Giue place to Madams and these citty dames,
O, how my enuy at their glory flames.

Vour. Be patient but a while (sweete *Campertie*),
And I will make the world doe fealty,
To thy exalted State: the Law shall stand,
Like to a waxen nose, or *Lesbian* rule,
A diall *Gnomon*, or a wethercocke,
Turn'd with the breath of greatnesse euery way,
On whose incertaintie, our certaine ground
Of towring hight shall stand inuincible:
The Dubious Law shall nurse dissention,
Which being pamper'd with our feeding helps,
Wee'le swell in greatnesse and our pallace Towers
Shall pricke the ribs of Heauen with proud height:
Then let thy *Enny* cease, since thy high fate,
Shall not discerne a fortune more Elate.

Exeunt Vour. and Champ.

Bel. Se with what slight respect they passe from vs,
Not giuing to our birth's their due saluts,
O Deereft Lord! shall high borne *Bellula*?
Be suncke, and thus obscur'd by the proud shine,
Of yon sophisticate base *Alchemie*,

Yon

Histrio-mastix.

You billion stufte: O noble blouds repine!
That durt vsurpes the orbe, where you should shine.

Mars. Content thee sweet, the lightning of my armes,
Shall purge the aire of these grosse foggy clouds,
That doe obscure our births bright radiance,
When Iron *Mars* mounts vp his plummy Crest,
The Law and Merchandize in rust may rest,
Then *Eny* cease; for e're the Sonne shall set,
He buckle on *Manortius* burganet.

Exeunt Mano. and Bell.

Enter Chrisogannus solus.

Chri. *Snmma* petit luor, perflant altissima venti,
Then poore *Chrisogannus*, who'le enuy thee,
Whose dusky fortune hath no shining glosse
That *Enuies* breath can blast? O I could curse
This ideot world! This ill nurs'd age of *Peace*,
That foster all saue vertue; comforts all
Sauing industrious art, the soules bright gemme,
That crussheeth downe the sprowing stemmes of *Art*,
Blasts forward wits with frosty cold contempt,
Crowning dull clodds of earth with honours,
Wreath guilding the rotten face of barbarisme
With the vnworthy shine of Eminence.
O! I could wish, my selfe consum'd in aire,
When I behold these huge fat lumpes of flesh,
These big-bulkt painted postes, that sencelesse
Stand, to haue their backes pasted with dignity,
Quite choaking vp all passage to respect:
These huge *Colosse* that rowle vp and downe,
And fill vp all the seate of man with froth
Of outward semblance, whilst pale *Artizans*
Pine in the shades of gloomy *Academes*,
Faint in pursuite of vertue, and quite tierd
For want of liberall food: for liberall *Art*
Gue vp the goale to sluggish *Ignorance*.

Histrionastix.

O whether doth my passion carry mee?
Poore foole, leaue prating, enuy not their shine,
Who still will flourish, though great *Fate* repine,

Exit.

*Enter Belsh, Gullsh, Gutt, and Clowt with
an Ingle.*

Gul. Iacke of the Clock-house, wher's Maister Post-hast?

Bel In my booke for *Slow-pace*, twelue-pence on's pate, for

Gut. *Prologue* begin; rehearse &c. (staying so late.

Gentlemen in this enuious age we bring Bayard

For Bucephalus: if mied, bogg'd,

Draw him forth with your fauours,

So promising that we neuer meane to performe

Our *Prologue* peaceth.

Gul. Peaceth? what peaking Pagenter pend that?

Bel. Who but Maister *Post-hast*.

Gut. It is as dangerous to read his name at a playe-dore
As a printed bill on a plague dore.

Gul. You weare the handsom'st compast hilt I haue seene;

Ingle. Doth this fashion like my friend so well.

Bel. So well I meane to weare it for your sake.

Ingle. I can deny thee nothing if I would.

Gul. Fie how this Ingling troubles our rehearsefall: say on.

Gut. Fellow *Belsh* you haue found a haunt at my house
You must belch and breath your spirits some where else.

Bel. Iealous of me with your seate for Maister Iohn,

Gut. When the door's shut the signe's in *Capricorne*

Clow. Then you might heaue the latch vp with your horne

Gul. This Cockoldly coyle hinders our rehearsefall.

Gut. Ile teare their turret toppes,

Ile beat their Bulwarcks downe,

Ile rend such Raskalls from their ragges,

And whippe them out of towne.

Bel. Patience (my Lord) your fury strayes too farre.

Gul. Stay sirs, rehearse no farther then you are

For

Histrion-mastix.

For here be huffing parts in this new booke;

Gutt. Haue Ier'e a good humour in my part?

Gull. Thou hast neere a good one out of thy part;

Bell. Ile play the conquering King that likes me best,

Gutt. Thou play the cowardly knaue; thou dost but icast,

Clou. Halfe a share, halfe a shirt, a Comedian

A hole share, or turne Camelcon.

Gull. Well sirs, the gentlemen see into our trade,

We cannot gull them with browne-paper kusse,

And the best Poets growne so enuious

They'le starue rather then we get store of mony.

Gut. Since dearth of Poets lets not players liue by wit
To spight them lets to warres, and learne to vse a spit.

Clout. O excellent ill a spit to rost a rime.

Gutt. T will serue you to remember dinner time.

Bell. Thats true tis time, let's away.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus.

Enter Warre Ambition, Fury, Horror, Ruine.

War. Rule fier-eied *Warre*, reuell in blood and flames,

Envy, whose breath hath poysoned all estates,

Hath now resigned her spightfull throne to vs:

Stand forth *Ambition*; fly through the land,

And enter euery brest of noble blood,

Infect their honored mindes with factious thoughts,

And make them glister in opposed armes:

Let vniust force and scarlet *Tyranny*

Wait on their Actions till their vlcers breake,

Or else belauenced by the hand of *Warre*,

Which cannot be without a lasting scarre,

Ambi. *Ambition* like a Pestilence doth fly,

To poyson Honour and Nobility.

Exit Ambition.

F

Warre.

Histrion-mastix.

War. Fury, thy turne is next, goe now and fill
The trunck of Peasants with thy dangerous breath,
Inspire them with the spirit of Mutiny,
Rage, and rebellion, make them desperate;
Hurry them headlong vnto euery ill,
Like dust rais'd with a whirlwind; let their eyes,
Be euer fixt vpon the brused prints
Made in their state by wilde oppression,
And (after all) possesse them with this fire,
That onely Warre must purchase their desire.

Fury. Fury shall shine amongst this multitude,
Like a bright Meteor in the darkeſt cloud:

Exit Fury.

War. Horror shall greet the bosome of greene youth,
The melting liuer of pied gallantry;
The wrinckled vizard of Deuotion,
The cheuerell conscience of corrupted law,
And frozen heart o' gowty Merchandize,
Horror wound these, strike palsies in their limmes,
And as thou stalk'st (in thy prodigious shape,)
And meet'st a fellow swolne with mounted place;
Shake him with glaunses of thy hollow eyes,
And let thy vigour liue as his heart dies.

Horr. Ynough, ere long, the ayre shall ring with shrieks.
And sad lament of those, whom *Horror* strikes.

Exit, Horror.

War. Horror adiew,
These three, are Vshers to our Deity;
Onely vast Ruine heere attends on vs,
And is a follower of our high designs:
Ruine thou saythfull seruant to grimme Warre,
Now teach thy murthering shot to teare mens limms,
Thy brazen Cannons how to make a breach;
In a fayre Citties bozome; teach thy fiers
To climbe the toppes of houses; and thy mines,

Histrion-mastix.

To blow vp Churches in th'offended skye.
Consume whole groues and standing fields of Corne
In thy wild rage, and make the proud earth groane,
Vnder the weight of thy confusion.

Ruine. This and much more shall *Ruine* execute.

War. Meane while weele steepe our sinowie feet in blood
And daunce vnto the Musicke of the field,
Trumpets for trebbles, bases, bellowing drummes.
Btoyles Enuy bred, but Warre shall end those brawles,
Deafe warre that will not heare a word of Peace:
Sharpe pikes shall serue for subtle lawiers pens
The Marchants sikkes shall turne to shining steele,
In steed of false-yard stickes, large horsemens staues,
Shall measure out true pattern's of their graues.

Exeunt.

*Enter Belsh setting vppe billes, Enter to him
a Captaine.*

Capt. Sirra what set you vp there?

Belsh. Text billes for Playes.

Capt. What Playes in time of Warres? hold sirra
Ther's a new plott.

Belsh. How many meane you shall come in for this?

Capt. Player tis presse money

Bel. Presse money, presse money, alasse sir presse me,
I am no fit Actor for th action.

Capt. Text billes must now be turn'd to Iron billes.

Exit Captaine.

Bel And please you let them be dagger pics.

Enter an Officer, Post-hast, Gulsh, Gut and Clowt.

Officer Sir Oliuers men; the last Players tooke the
Townes reward like honest men.

Gulsh Those were a cupple of Cunnicatchers that
Coosen Maiors, and haue no consort but themselves,

Histrionastix.

But we are a full company, and our credit with our
Maister knowne.

Offi. Meane while ther's presse-mony, for your reward,

Clou. No (I thanke your worship) we meane not to trouble your towne at this time.

Offi. Well Masters, you that are maister-sharers,
Must prouide you vpon your owne purses,

Gut. Alasse sir, we Players are priuieldg'd,
Tis our Audience must fight in the field for vs,
And we vpon the stage for them.

Post. Sir as concerning halfe a score angells
Or such a matter for a man in my place.

Offi. Those daies are out of date.

Bels. The more's the pittie sir,

Exit Officer.

Gulf. Well, I haue a Brewer to my Ingle,
Heele furnish me with a horse great inough.

Post. Faith Ile eene past all my ballads together,
And make a coate to hold out pistoll-prooffe;

Clout. I meruaile what vse I should make of my Ingle,
The hobby-horse-seller.

Gutt. Faith make him sell a whole troupe of horse
To buy thee one.

Bel. Sirrs, if these soldiers light vpon our playing parrell,
they'le strout it in the field, and flaunt it out.

Post. Well sirs, I haue no stomacke to these warres,

Gut. Faith, I haue a better stomacke to my breakfast.

Clout. A shrewd mornings worke for Players,

Omn. Let's be gon?

Exeunt.

*Enter Manortius and Larinus on one side, Philarchus and Hiletus
on the other with weapons Drawne: Chrisoganus betweene
them. Ambition breathing amongst them.*

Chri. Haue patience worthy Lords, and calme your spirits.

Mauro. Peace prating Scholler: bid the Sea be still,

When

Histrion-mastix.

When powerfull windes doe toss the raging waues,
Or stay the winged lightning in his course;
When thou doost this, thy words shall charme me too.
Till then preserve thy breath.

Phi. Mauortius, dar'st thou maintaine thy words?

Mano. How? dare *Philarchus*? yes, I dare doe more;
In bloud or fire; or where thou dar'st not come;
In the numme fingers of cold death I dare.

Phi. Swallow those words, or thou shalt eate my sword.

Lar. He is no Estrich sir, he loues no yron.

Hil. And yet me thinkes he should be by his plume.

Mano. What are you playing with my feather too?

They all runne one at another, Chrysog: steps betweene them.

Chri. O stay your rages,

Let not Ambition captiuate your blood,
Make not your hates objects for vulgar eyes.

Mano. A pox vpon this linguist, take him hence;

Philarchus, I desie thee; and in scorne,
Spit on thy bozome; vowing heere by heauen,
If either sword, or fire, or strength of men,
Or any other steeled violence,
Can bring to swift confusion what is thine,
Vpon this gratefull soyle; it shall be done.

Phi. And when 'tis done, I will restore my wrongs
Out of thy Forts, thy Castles and thy lands.

Mano. My lands?

Phi. I, factious Lord, till then adiew,
Weele shine like Comets in next enter-view.

Exeunt Phi. and Hile.

Mano. My soule is bigge in trauaile with reuenge,
And I could rip her wombe vp with a stabbe,
To free th'imprisoned issue of my thought.

Exeunt, manet Chisogannus.

Chri. O, how this vulture, (vile Ambition,)
Tyers on the heart of greatnesse, and deuoures,
Their bleeding honours, whilst their empty names,

Histrion-mastix.

Lye chain'd vnto the hill of infamie:
Now is the time wherein a melting eye
May spend it selfe in teares, and with salt drops,
Write woe, and desolation in the dust,
Vpon the frighted bosome of our land,
Pitty and Piety are both exilde,
Religion buried with our Fathers bones,
In the cold earth; and nothing but her face,
Left to adorne these grosse and impious times. *Stand a side.*
A noyse within crying, Liberty, liberty.

*Enter a sort of Russetings and Mechanichalls, (Fury
leading them) and crying confusedly.*

Omnes. Liberty, liberty, liberty.

1. Nay but stay, stay, my Masters: we haue not insulted yet
who shall be our Captaine.

2. Masse that's true: faith let's all be Captaines.

3. Content, so wee shall bee sure to haue no equalitie
amongst vs.

4. O, it's best, for, (for mine owne part)
I scorne to haue an equall.

1. Well then: what exploit shall we do first?

2. Marry Ile tell you:

Let's pluck downe the Church, and set vp an Ale-house.

Omnes. O excellent, excellent, excellent, a rare exploit, a
rare exploite.

1. Good: this is for exploite: but then there's a thing
cal'd Action.

3. O, that's going to Sea; that, we haue nothing to do with-

4. No, we are all for the land, wee. *(all,*

2. Land, I: wee'll pluck downe all the noble houses in the
land, e're we haue done.

1. It were a most noble seruice, and most worthy of the
Chronicle.

2. Slid, these Lords are growne so proud,

Nay, wee'll haue a fling at the Lawyers too.

Histrion-mastix.

3. O, I, first of all at the Lawyers.

4. True, that we may haue the law in our owne hands.

1. O then we may take vp what we will of the Marchants.

2. I and forset our bonds at pleasure, no body can sue vs.

3. O, 'twill be rare: I wonder how much Veluet will apparell me and my horse.

4. Talke not of that man; weele haue inough:

All shall be common.

1. Wiues and all: what, *Helter, skelter*.

2. Slid, we are men as well as they are.

3. And we came all of our Father *Adam*.

2. Goe to then, why should we be their slaves?

Omnes. Liberty, liberty, liberty. *Exeunt*.

Chri. See, see, this common beast the multitude,

(Transported thus with fury) how it raues;

Threatning all states with ruine, to englut

Their bestiall and more brutish appetites.

O you auspicious, and diuineſt powers,

(That in your wisdomes suffer such dread plagues

To flowe and couer a rebellious land).

Giue end vnto their furies! and driue back

The roaring torrent on the Authors heads,

That (in their pride of Rage) all eyes may see.

Iustice hath whips to scourge impiety. *Exit*.

Enter Lyon-rash to Fourchier sitting in his study: at one end of the stage: At the other end enter Vourcher to Velure in his shop.

Lyon. Good morrow maister *Fourcher*.

Four. Maister *Lyon-rash* you are welcome:

How fare you sir, in these prodigious times?

Lyon. Troth like a man growne wilde and desperate,
E'ne spent with horror of their strange effects.

Four. I feare they will be much more stranger yet.

Lyon. And you haue cause to feare sir.

Four. So

Histrion-mastix.

Four. So haue you: if wealth may make a man suspect his state,
What newes heare you sir? sit downe I pray you.

They sit and whisper whilst the other two speake.

Vour. I wonder how you dare keepe open shoppe,
Considering the tumults are abroad:
They say the Nobles all are vp in armes,
And the rude commons in disseuerd troupes
Haue gathered dangerous head, and make such spoyle,
As would strike dead a true reporters tongue.

Vel. Faith I am ignorant what course to take,
Wee i'th Citty heere are so distracted;
As if our spirits were all earth and ayre,
I know not how: each houre heere comes fresh newes,
And nothing certaine.

The other two againe.

Four. Well if this be true,
The issue cannot be but dangerous,

Lyon. O they haue made the violent'st attempts
That ere were heard of: ruin'd Churches, Townes,
Burn't goodly Mannours, and indeed layd wast.
All the whole Country as they passe along.

The other.

Vour. Ther's no preuention if they once come heere
But that our Citty must endure the sack.

Vel. I feare it sir.

Vour. Faith we are sure to feele
The fury of the tempest when it comes.
The Law and Merchandize may both go begge.

Enter Champerty to her husband and Lyon-rash.

Cham. Where are you husband, do you heere the newes?

Four. What newes on Gods name?

Cham. O the enimies! *Four.* What of the enimies?

Cham

Histrion-mastix.

Cham. They are entred into the citty.

Lyo. Adiew good maister *Fourcher*.

Fou. Lord haue mercy vpon vs,

Cham. O good Maister *Lyon-rash* goe pray.

Exeunt Four. Lyon, Cham.

Vel. How now, what noyse is this?

Vou. They cry arme arme me thinkes.

Enter Perpetuana.

Perp. O sweet heart the Spaniards are come,
We shall all be kild they say.

Maister Voucher what shall we doe? O Lord.

*Enter a sort of fellowes with armour and weapons and crosse
the stage crying arme, arme, arme.*

Omn. Arme, arme, arme.

Exeunt.

*Enter a Captaine with Souldiers: the Souldiers hauing
most of the Players apparrell; and bringing
out the Players among'st them.*

Soul. Come on Players, now we are the Sharers
And you the hired men: Nay you must take patience,
Slid how do you march?
Sirha is this you would rend and teare the Cat
Vpon a Stage, and now march like a drown'd rat?
Looke vp and play the *Tamburlaine*: you rogue you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter all the factions of Noblemen, Peasants, and Cittizens fight-
ing: the ruder sorte drine in the rest and cry a sacke, a
Jacke, Hanoke hanocke, Burne the Lawiers bookes;
teare the Silkes out of the Shops: in that confusi-
on: the Scholler scaaping from among
them, they all go out and leaue
him vpon the Stage.*

Chri. Thus Heauen (in spite of fury) can preserue,

Histrion-mastix.

The trustfull innocent, and guiltlesse Soule ;
O, what a thing is man , that thus forgets
The end of his creation ; and each houre
Strikes at the glory of his maker thus ?
What brazen vizage, or black yron soule
Hath strength to Iustifie so Godlesse deeds ?
Hee that is most inescort to *Tyrannie*,
The man whose Jawes burne most with thirst of blood,
What coulours or thin cobweb can he weaue,
To couer so abhor'd iniquities ?
If then there be no shadow, no pretext,
To vaile their loathed bodies ; what should make
Men so inamour'd on this Strumpet warre.
To doate vpon her forme ? when (in her selfe)
Shee's made of nothing, but infectious plagues.
Witnesse the present *Chaos* of our Sceane,
Where euery streete is chain'd with linckes of spoile,
Heere proud *Ambition* rides ; there *Furie* flies,
Heere *Horror* ; and there ruthlesse *Murder* stalkes,
Led on by *Ruine*, and in Steele and fire,
That now on toppes of houses ; now in vaults,
Now in the sacred Temples ; heere, and there
Runnes wilde. *Exit.*

*Allarmes in seuerall places , that brake him off
thus : After a retreat sounded , the Musicke
playes and Poverty enters.*

Actus

Histrion-mastix.

Actus Sextus

Scæna I.

*Enter Poverty, Famine, Sicknesse, Bondage,
and Slutishnesse.*

Pouer. Raigne *Pouerty* in spite of tragick warre,
And triumph ouer glittering vanitie,
Though want be neuer voide of bitter woes,
Yet slow-pac'd remedy, true patience shoves,
See worldling worlds of Vertue lin'd within,
Though sinners all; yet least repleat with sinne.
I scorne a scoffing foole about my Throne,
An Artlesse Idiot; that (like *Esops Dame*,
Plumes fairer sether'd birds: no, *Pouerty*,
Will dignifie her chaire with deepe Diuines,
Philosophers and Schollers feast with me,
As well as *Martialists* in misery.
First change the houre from siue to fatall sixe,
Then ring forth knells of heauie discontent,
With sighes and groanes whil'st I haue gouernment.
Famin. Thin *Famine* needs must follow *Pouerty*.
My bones lye open, like a withered tree
By stormes disbarkt of her defending skinne,
So neere the heart the weather beates within.
Sick. O end thy Age! that we may end our dayes,

Histrionastix.

Once Obiects, now all Abiects to the world,
For after feeble Sicknesse death ensues,
And endeth grieve that happy ioye renews.

Bond. Then Bondage shall vnbolt those cruell barres,
That thralls faire honour in obscure reproach,
And sauage-like yoakes vp humanity,
To bind in chaines true-borne ciuility.

Slut. Though *Sluttishnesse* be loathsome to her selfe,
Penurious time must be obscene and base,
Who hates the rich must dwell with Pouerty,
Since rule in any thing, is Soueraignty.

Pouer. Were *Pouerty* a word more miserable
Then Mans austere inuention could propound,
Yet is poore *Honesty* rich *Honors* ground:
Whose eyes vnuail'd like to th'vnhooded Hawke,
Looke straight on high, and in the end aspire,
To feele the warmth of Princes holy fire.

*Yet Honor, Wealth, Lands, and who wins the prize,
Obtaines but Vanity of Vanities.*

Come follow me my neuer failing friend. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Mauortius and Philarchus
at severall doores.*

Mano. The broyles of warre wherein I gloried more
Then *Priams Hector*, who by burning walls,
Was traild along (dread victories deepe fall)
So from these gates my selfe in meane disgrace
Am banisht forth, pinch't through with pouerty,
Who tels vs all 'tis true that shee hath sed,
Poore flies will tickle Lyons being dead.

Phil. The thirst of Honour call'd me to the warres,
Where I haue drunke a health (too deepe a draught)
My full-mouthd bags may now be fild with ayre,
The Diuell and Ambition taught it me.

Mano. Is that *Philarchus* that complaines? 'tis so,

Phil. See how *Mauortius* turnes away his face,

Histrion-mastix.

To seeke to friends 'tis holden for disgrace.

Mano. Time was, I could haue din'd amongst my friends,
Now stands at euery doore a Iack and Apes
And tels me 'tis too late, his Lord hath din'd.

Phi. This miserable world would make one mad;
I stept vnto a Vintner at the Barre,
And offered him my Rapier for a pawne;
The sawcie slaue tooke it in such a scorne,
And flung it in the streets, replying thus,
Meere want brings weapons out of vse with vs.

Mano. See poore *Philarchus* powring out his plaints,
To vnrelenting wallis, relentlesse men.

Phil. Are wounds rewards for Souldiers in the field?
What? sell our lands, are these the fruits of *Warre*?
Then dye *Philarchus*, let not shame suruiue,
Thy fainting honour, dead and yet aliue.

Mano. Heere come our wiues, how wretchedly they looke.

Enter Perpetuana and Bellula.

Bel. My Iewels pawnd, my rings are gone to wrack,
The greedy *Vsurer* hath gotten all.

Perp. I am a prey to wretched *Pouerty*,
Ill featur'd *Famine* will deuoure vs vp,
Whose wrinkled face, is like pale deaths aspect.

Phil. Behold my wife like Winters parramour,
Rob'd and bereau'd of nuptiall Ornaments.
„*Hide thee Philarchus lower then the graue,*
„*The Earth will couer though it cannot saue.*

Perp. If men lament, whose wonted yron-hearts,
Were harder then the Armour they haue worne,
And waile the Agent of a womans voyce,
What shall weake women and poore Ladies doe?
Fall to those teares, that we were borne vnto. *Exeunt.*

Mano. Could I but learne (with *Crasus*) to endure
The falling sicknesse of sad *Pouerty*,

Histrion-mastix.

Who lost a rich commanding Emperie
Patience would prooue a tutor to my grieues.

Chri. Thou want's a *Solon* to consort with thee,
To proue affliction is the perfect way
That leads to *Iones* tribunall dignity;
Ill hast thou govern'd thy prosperity,
That canst not smile in meere aduersity.
Looke vppon me (the poorest slaue in shew,
That euer fortune buried in mishappe :)
Yet this is Natures richest lewell-house
And teacheth me to weepe at all your wants.

Phil. Why, thou art farre more wretcheder then wee,
How canst thou teach vs then tranquillity?

Chri. See'st thou this poore and naked bozome heere?
Dost thou behold this scorn'd vncovered head?
When thou wast rich and Peerelesse in thy pride,
Content did neuer harbour in thy brest,
Nor ere had loue, her residence in thee,
(I meane the loue of perfect happinesse)
But skillesse grudging from a haughty spirit
Did blind thy senses with a slender merit.
Whil'st I (poore man) not subiect to such thought
Gauē entertaine to those sweet blessed babes,
Which Sapience brought from Wisedomes holy brest,
And thought me rich to haue their company.
By nursing them in Peace I shun'd all Sloth,
Nor yet did *Plenty* make me prodigall:
Pride I abhor'd and term'd the Beggars shield:
Nor euer did base *Enmie* touch my heart.
Yet alwayes loou'd to beare (as *Solon* sed,)
A Turtles eye within an Aspics head:
Nor could the ratling fury of fierce warre
Astonish me more then the mid-night clock,
The Trumpetter to Contemplation:
For *Pouerty*, I shake her by the hand,
As welcome Lady to this wofull Land.

Histrionastix.

Man. How might we tread the path's to happy ends,
Since foes to Learning are not Vertues friends.

Chri. First entertaine submission in your soules
To frame true concord in one vnity.

Behold the faire proportion of a man,
Whome heauen haue created so compleate,
Yet if the arme make warre against the head,
Or that the heart rebell against the braine,
This elementall bodie (thus compact,)
Is but a scattred *Chaos* of reuenge;
Your lawes appointed to be positie,
(By *Warre* confounded) must be brought againe.
For law is that which Loue and Peace maintaine.

Phili. Thou Sonne of knowledge (richer then a man)
We censure thy aduise as oracles.

Chri. Follow, and Ile instruct you what I can:

Ma ,, We followed beasts before but now a man.

Exeunt.

Enter Fourcher; Vourcher, Lyon-rash, and Velure.

Four. O Heauens powring high-pryzd fauours forth,
Like to the honny dew that sweetes the Leaues,
Once send vs *Peace*, that fairest Palme-crown'd Queene.

Vour. Ruine and *Warre* the precedents of Wrath,
That crop't the fifty Sonnes of *Hecuba*,
Haue rid their circuite through this fertile soyle,
And quite transform'd it to a Wildernesse.

Vel. Come let vs sit and mourne with sad laments,
The heauy burdens of our discontents.

Lyon. To waile our want let speaking slacke the paine,
For words of grieve diuide the grieve in twaine.

Vel. Our Shops (sometimes) were stuf with cloath of gold,
But *Warre* hath emptied them, and Spyders build
Their Cob-web-tents; weauing foule dusty lawne
For poore woe-working *Pouerty* to weare.

Four. O woes! behold our poore distressed wiues;

Enter

Histrion-mastix.

Enter Perpetuana and Filissella.

Perp. From *Pouerty* to *Famine*, worse and worse

Fili. The scourge of *Pride*, and Heauens detested curse.

Perp. Wher's that excesse consum'd vpon the back?

Fili. Suncke downe to Hell whil'st hunger feeles the lacke.

Perp. Who now will pity vs, that scorn'd the poore?

Fili. Pitty is past when *Peace* is out of doore.

Perp. Drinke thou my teares and I will drinke vp thine,
For nought but teares is miseries salt wine.

Fili. We that haue scorn'd to dresse our meate our selues,
Now would be glad if we had meate to dresse.

Perp. And if Lament were remedie for want
Their cat's weare course that in Lament were scant,

Lyon. Comfort sweete wife, ill lasts not alwaies so:
And good (some-times) makes end of lingring woe.

Perp. My grieve is thine,

Lyon. And mine is most for thee.

Per. My care is thine.

Lyon. Be mine for thee and me.

Exeunt.

Enter country seruing-men.

1. Faith *Pouerty* hath paid my wife on the petticoate.

2. From these deuowring woormes, eate men aliue,
And swallow vp whole Mannours at a bit
The whil'st our hungry bodies die for lacke,
And honest husbandy must goe to wracke.

1. Pray sirs for *Peace*, that best may please vs all.
From citties *Pryde* the country takes his fall.

2. Tis Time, for plough-shares (now) are turned to bills,
Carte-horses prest to cary Caualliers,
True laboring seruants counted Souldiours slaues,

1. Though *Famine* hungerstarue yet heauen saues.

Omn. Then let vs pray to heauen all for *Peace*.

Histrion-mastix.

For thence comes comfort, plenty and increase,

Exeunt.

Enter Posthast with his Hostesse.

Host. Post me no posting; pay me the shot,
Yow liue by wit; but we must liue by mony.

Post. Goody sharpe, be not so short,
Ile pay you, when I giue you mony.

Host. When you giue mee mony? goe to, Ile beare no
Longer.

Post. What and be vnder fifty?

Enter Cunstable.

Host. Maister Cunstable hoe, these *Players* wil not pay their
shot.

Post. Faith sir, *Warre* hath so pinch't vs we must pawne.

Cun. Alas! poore *Players*: hostis; what comes it to?

Host. The Sharers dinners six pence a peece, the hircings
pence.

Post. What sixpence an Egge, and two and two at an
Egge.

Host. Faith *Famine* affords no more.

Post. Fellowes bring out the hamper choose somew-what
out o'th Stocke.

Enter the Players.

What will you haue this cloke to pawne,
what thinke you it's worth?

Host. Some fower groats,

Oun. The pox is in this age, heer's a braue world fellowes.

Post. You may see what it is to laugh at the Audiance.

Host. Well it shall serue for a paune.

Exit Hostesse.

Histrionastix.

Cun. Soft sirs I must taik with you for taxe mony,
To releue the poore, not a penny paid yet,

Post. Sir, (at few words we shar'd but xv. pence last weeke.

Cun. But tis well knowne, that each maintaines his *Puncke*,
And tauernes it with druncken suppers still.

Om. Alasse they are our wiues.

Cun. Yee are not all married.

Post. Who are not are glad to bring such as they can get,

Belf. Before Ile giue such a president, Ile leaue playing.

Gul. Faith and I too: Ile rather fall to worke.

Post. Fall to worke after playing vnpossible.

Cun. Sirs, will you here the truth.

Gut. Sir you may choose,

Cun. But you must all choose

Whither youle be shipt and set a shore no man

Knowes where as the *Romaines* did:

Or play for the maintenance of the poore;

And your selues kept like honest men.

Om. We choose neither.

Post. Sauing your sad tale, will you take a pot or two.

Cun. The dearth of Malt denies it

Clou. Its a hard world if the Constable dispise it.

Gul. Must we be shipt in earnest,

Or doe you make vs Sheepe in ieast,

Cun. *Ecce signum.*

Post. Constable doe you know what you doe.

Cun. I, banish idle fellowes out o'th'land,

Belf. Why Constable doe you know what you see.

Cun. I, I see a Madge howlet: and she sees not see.

Post. Know you our credit with Sir *Oliuer*?

Cun. True, but your boasting hath crakt it, (I feare.)

Gut. Faith I must fall to making fiddle strings againe.

Blef. And I to curl horse tails to make fooles beards.

Post. Ile boldy fall to ballading againe,

Cun.

Histrion-mastix.

Cunst. Sirs, those prouisoers will not serue the turne,
What hoe, Saylers, ship away these players.

Enter Saylers.

Sayl. The winde blowes faire, and we are ready sir.

Cunst. No matter where it blowes ; away with them.

Post. It's an ill winde blowes a man thus cleane out
of ballading.

Exeunt.

*Enter Peace, Bacchus, Ceres, and Plenty, bearing
the Cornu copix, at the one doore : At
the other Pouerty, with her atten-
dants ; who beholding Peace
approach, vanish.*

Peace. Bondage, wan Sicknesse, and bare Pouerty,
Vanish like clouds before the Easterne light,
Now Peace appeares, hence all to endlesse night,
And you dejected spirits, crasht with want,
Mount vp your mindes vnto the fairest hope,
Neede hath nurs't Peace within your Horoscope,
The warme reflexion of whose cheering beames,
Makes you as rich as bright *Pactolus* streames.
Shine plentuous Bountie, crowne the naked world,
With odourous wreaths of thy abundant sweetes,
Laborious *Artizanes*, now bustle vp,
Your drouping spirits with alacritie.
Peace giues your toyling sweat a due regard,
Crowning your labour with a rich reward.
Ceres be lauish, *Bacchus* swell to brimme,
And all to Peace sing a propitious himne,

They begin to sing, and presently cease.

A Song,

*With Lawrell shall our Altars flame,
In honour of thy sacred name.*

H 2

Enter

Histrion-mastix.

*Enter Astræa ushered by Fame, supported
by Fortitude and Religion, followed
by Virginity and Artes.*

Peace. No more:

Be dumbe in husht obscurance at this sight,
Heere comes *Amazements* obiect, wonders height,
Peaces patronesse, *Heauens* miracle,
Vertues honour, *Earths* admiration,
Chastities Crowne, *Iustice* perfection,
Whose traine is vnpolute *Virginity*,
Whose *Diadem* of bright immortall *Fame*,
Is burnisht with vnvalued respect,
Ineffable wonder of remotest lands;
Still sway thy gracious Scepter, I resigne;
What I am is by Thee, my selfe am thine,

Astræa mounts vnto the Throne.

Q. Eliza.

Mount Emperesse, whose praise for *Peace* shall mount,
Whose glory, which thy solid vertues wonne,
Shall honour *Europe* whilst there shines a Sunne.
Crown'd with *Heauens* inward beauties, worlds applause,
Thron'd and reposd within the louing feare
Of thy adoring Subiects: liue as long
As Time hath life, and *Fame* a worthy tongue.
Still breath our glory, the worlds *Empresse*,
Religions Gardian, *Peaces* patronesse;
Now flourish Arts, the *Queene of Peace* doth raigne,
Vertue triumph, now shee doth sway the stemme,
Who giues to *Vertue*, honours *Diadem*.
All sing *Pæans* to her sacred worth,
Which none but Angels tongues can warble forth:
Yet sing, for though we cannot light the Sunne,
Yet vtmost might hath kinde acceptance wonne.

Song:

Histrio-mastix.

Song.

Religion, Arts, and Merchandise,
triumph, triumph:

Astræa rules, whose gracious eyes,
triumph, triumph.

O're Vices conquest, whose desires,
triumph, triumph:

whose all to chiefeſt good aſpires,
then all triumph.

In the end of the Play.

Plenty,
Pride,
Envy,
Warre, and
Powerty.

To enter and reſigne their ſeueral Scepters to Peace, ſitting in Maieſtic.

FINIS.

in a room to now
the room is
up in high
her lover
like

Song.

Excuse, excuse, excuse
I am not a
I am not a
I am not a
I am not a
I am not a

In the end of the play

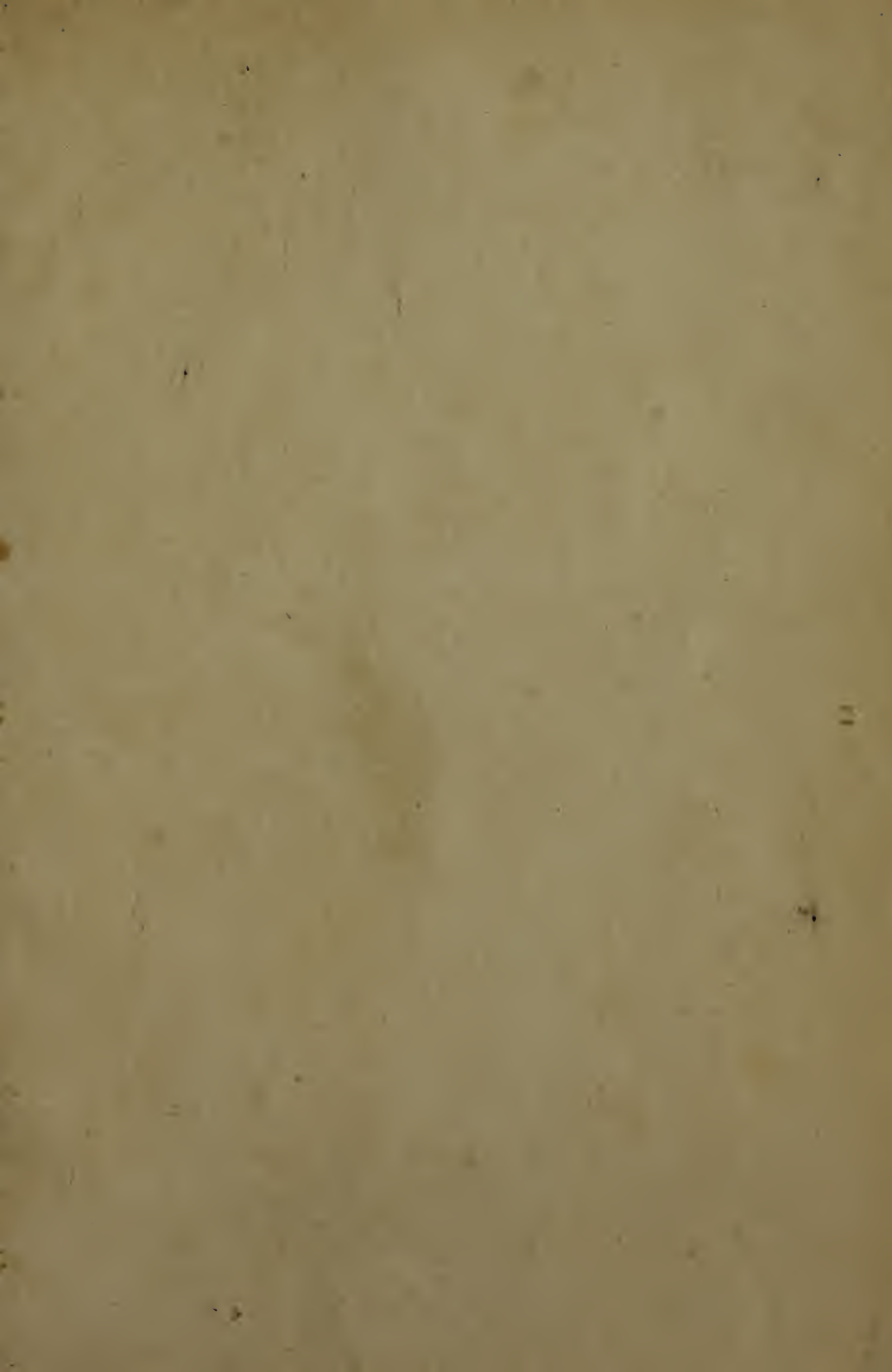
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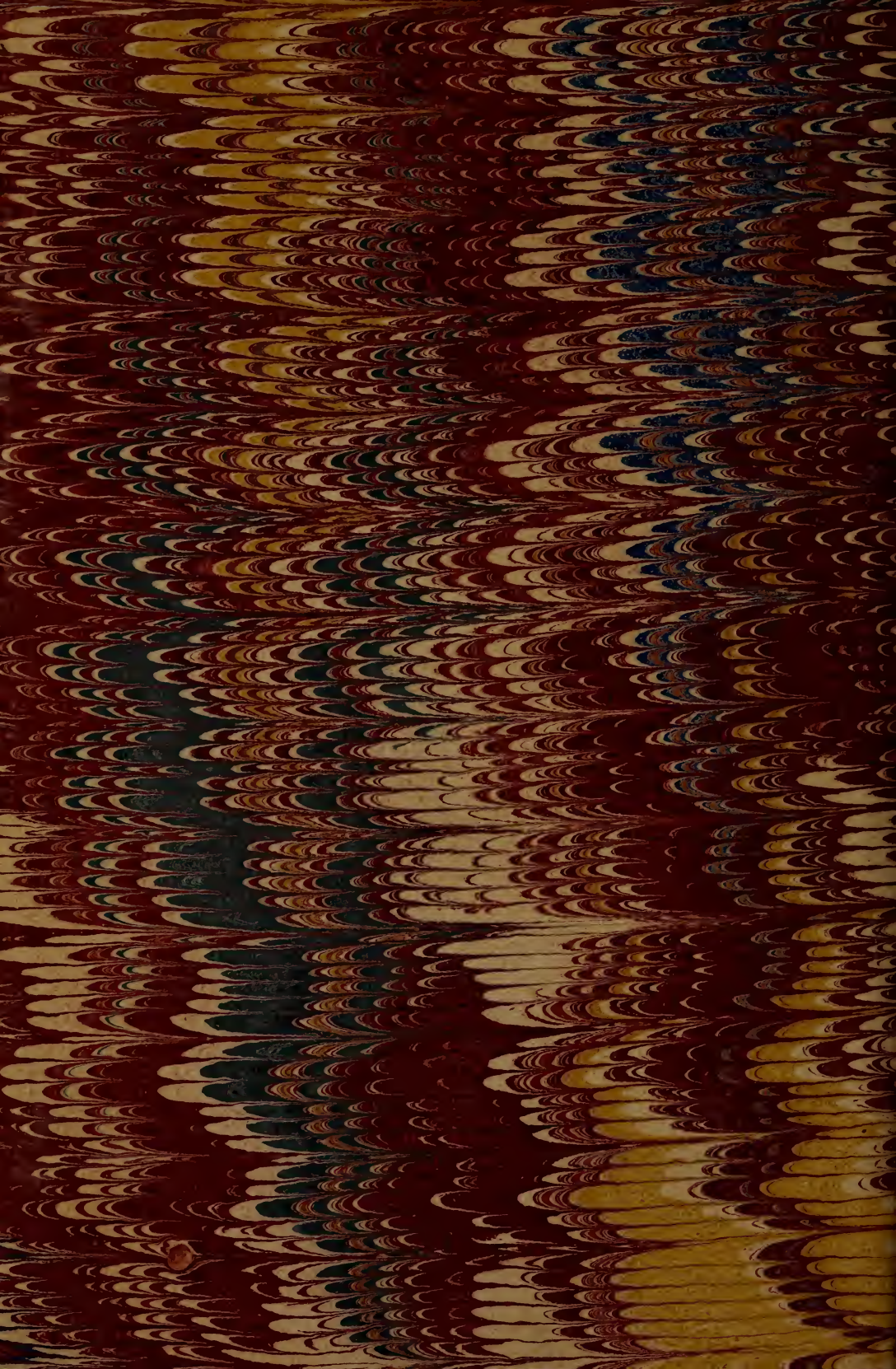
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